

SWEET WILLIAM

O F

PLYMOUTH.

I N

FOUR PARTS.



J E W K E S B U R Y :

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P A R T I.



A Seaman of Dover, sweet William by name,
A wooing to beautiful Susan he came :
At length he obtained her love and good will,
And likewise her father admired him still.

Her mother was also as much satisfy'd,
The day was appointed the knot should be tied.
Their friends were invited, but see by the way.
Sweet Susan she sicken'd, and languishing lay.

They us'd their endeavours to raise her again,
By famous physicians, but their skill was in vain,
A week she continued ;---sweet William did grieve
Because of his love he must now take his leave.

As being commanded to sail the next wind,
Then leaving his sweetest creature behind,
He said, I must marry when I come again,
If thou by good fortune alive dost remain.

As long as I live I'll prove true to my love,
And Susan I hope you as constant will prove.
Never doubt in the least, sweet William, said she,
There's none upon earth shall enjoy me but thee.

A tribute of tears at their parting they paid,
Sweet William, the mother, and innocent maid.
Nay likewise the father is griev'd to the heart,
To think from her dearest so soon she must part.

Away to the ocean sweet William is gone,
Where we will leave him, and shew you anon
How base and deceitful her parents did prove,
Advising the maid to be false to her love.

P A R T II.

NOW when this damsel had languishing lain
Near five or six months, she recover'd again.
Her beauty grew brighter than ever before,
So that there were many her charms did adore.

Each one did esteem her that came in her view;
Her fame to the neighbouring villages flew,
To be the most beautiful creature on earth,
Although but a fisherman's daughter by birth,

So that she was courted by none of the worst:
A wealthy young farmer came to her the first,
And call'd her the jewel and joy of his life.
Said she, begone, I'm another man's wife,

By solemn vows in the presence of God:
And if I am false let his heavenly rod
Of sharpest correction my punishment be;
Therefore begone from my presence, said she.

Then came a squire who call'd her his dear,
Who said he would settle two hundred a year
Upon her, if she would be his sweet bride.
I must not, I cannot, you must be deny'd.

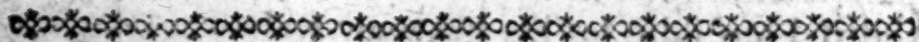
Then unto her father and mother he went,
Who soon discovered his noble intent.
They being ambitious of honour and fame,
Did strive to persuade her, but all was in vain.

Dear parents, said she, observe what I say,
In things which be lawful I mean to obey.
But when you'd have me be perjur'd for gold,
I dare not submit, to the truth I will hold.

They found it signified nothing to strive,
 So long as she knew her true love was alive,
 To induce her to mind any one but he,
 And then the young squire and they did agree,
 To send this innocent young damsel away.
 Along with a lady to Holland, and they
 Would tell her love at his return, she was dead.
 That he with some other damsel might wed.

Then would it be lawfull to wed the squire,
 Who did her beautiful features admire.
 Thus it was contrived, to Holland she was sent,
 Poor creature she knew not their cunning intent.

But since her parents would have it so,
 In point of obedience she yielded to go,
 Where we will leave her, to treat of her love,
 Who had been gone two years and above.



P A R T III.

IN William's long voyage they came to a place,
 Where they had been but a short space.
 Where fortune did favour him, so that he bought
 A bargain worth hundreds and thousands 'tis thought

Then laden with riches he came on shore,
 Said he, My jewel whom I do adore.
 I will go and visit before I do rest,
 My heart has been lodg'd a long time in her breast.

Now when to the house of her father he came,
 He called for Susan, sweet Susan by name.
 But strait her mother did make this reply,
 'Tis long since my daughter did languish and die.

His heart at these tidings was ready to break,
 Some minutes he had not the power to speak,
 At length with a flood of tears he replied,
 Adieu to the pleasures and charms of a bride.

My sorrows are more than I'm able to bear,
 Is Susan departed? sweet Susan the fair,
 Then none in the world I do love, since she
 Is laid in the grave that was dearest to me.

Their presence he quitted with watery eyes,
 And went to his father and mother likewise,
 His own loving parents, and with them he left
 His wealth, 'cause, he was of his love bereft.

Resolved I am to travel again,
 Perhaps it will wear off my anguish and pain.
 Take care of my riches; 'tis value unknown,
 And if I return not, then it is your own.

But if I should live to see you once more,
 I make no doubt but same you'll restore.
 Ay, that I will, soon, the father reply'd.
 So for this long voyage he then did provide.

He goes on board, and away he did steer;
 The seas were calm, and the element clear
 At first. At length a storm did arise,
 Black clouds did cover and darken the skies.

The seas did foam, and the winds did roar,
 At length being driven upon the dutch shore,
 Their ship was shatter'd and so torn indeed.
 That they on their voyage could not proceed.

Now while they lay by their ship to repair.
 William went to the Hague, and walk'd there,
 And as he was walking along in the street,
 With beautiful Susan he happen'd to meet.

He started as soon as her face he beheld,
 With wonder and pleasure he was so fill'd,
 Oh! tell me, said he, ye blest powers above,
 Do not my eyes deceive me, or is it my love.

They say, she's been buried twelve months almost,
 Sure this is my love or her beautiful ghost.
 Then quick he went to her, and found it was she,
 And none in the world was so happy as he.

My dearest sweet Susan why dost thou roam?
 What destiny brought thee so far from home?
 The truth she told him, with tears in her eyes,
 Concerning the farmer and squire likewise.

They courted me long, but still I said nay,
 And therefore my relations sent me away
 To wait on a lady, with whom I am now,
 Because I would not be false to my vow.

He presently told her of his affairs,
 His riches, his troubles, and his cares,
 And how he was going a long voyage to make,
 But knew not whither, and all for her sake.

But as he was sailing, the weather grew foul,
 The winds did blow, and billows did rowl,
 Yet nevertheless on this turbulent sea,
 The winds were kind, and convey'd me to thee.

I'll go to thy lady, and let her to know
 You shall serve no longer, but with me go,
 Unto fair Plymouth, where thou shalt be seen,
 As gay as herself, or as fine as a queen.

P A R T IV.

HE made a dispatch and brought her away,
The seas were calm, and the winds did obey,
So that in a short time to Plymouth they came,
And now he was clearly for changing his name.

He told his father and mother that there,
By fortune's kind favour he lit on his dear.
And now we will prepare for the wedding said he,
Thy father and mother invited must be.

Then unto her parents he hasted at last,
And told the heighth of his sorrow was past,
For since you say Susan your daughter is dead,
I have found a beauty with whom I will wed,

And therefore I come to bring you the news,
I hope one favour you will not refuse.
O! honour me then with your presence I pray,
And come to the wedding, to-morrow's the day.

They promis'd to come, well pleas'd to the heart
To think so well they had acted their part.

Now, now, said the mother, I have my desire,
We'll fetch home our daughter to marry the 'squire.

The very next morning sweet Susan was dress'd,
In sumptuous apparel more gay than the rest.
The richest things that the world could afford,
Embroidered with gold he had from abroad.

With diamonds and rubies her vesture did shine,
Her features did look like an angel divine,
Scarce ever was mortal so glorious and great,
And likewise her modesty suited her state.

Now they being all down to dinner set,
 This beautiful couple so happily met.
 This stately apparel had alter'd her so,
 Her father and mother her face did not know.

A health to the bride round the table did pass,
 The mother of Susan then taking a glass,
 Did do as the rest, and spoke with a grace,
 Had my daughter been here she'd been in your place.

The bride at this saying then modestly smil'd,
 To think the mother knew not her own child,
 Soon after the bride arose from her seat,
 And fell on her knees at her parents feet.

I am your daughter whom you did send
 To Holland, but heaven stood my best friend,
 And plac'd me secure in the arms of my love ;
 For which, I may thank the blest powers above.

Her father and mother with blushes replied,
 The 'squire was eager to make her his bride,
 But since it is order'd by Heaven's decree,
 We grant you our blessing, rise up from your knee.

Then William spoke up with a noble grace,
 A fig for the 'squire bring him to my face,
 For crowns of bright silver with him I'll let fall,
 And he that drops longest shall surely take all.

They wonder'd how he should such riches gain,
 But they believed 'twas true in the main,
 Because both appeared so glorious and gay,
 With music and dancing they finish'd the day.

10 JUL 52

F I N I S